No. 18.

$40
(Tyler)
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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

WAT TYLER, MISCHIEVOUS TOM,

AND AN

ENGLISH FARMER.

LONDON:

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A

DIALOGUE, &c.

Wat Tyler.

WELL, Tom, I am glad to ſee thee, though thou haſt ſtolen my tricks.

Tom. Your tricks? What matter whoſe tricks, ſo that they be good tricks? Hard times, indeed, if a man mayn't borrow a trick, at leaſt, from his neighbour, without aſking his leave. 'Twas but t'other day the Law made a poor honeſt gentleman pay ever

ſe

ſo much for uſing a little piece of his neighbour's invention as his own: though faith, to be ſure, they ſay he has enough of it himſelf.* But laws are tyrants; and thou ſcorneſt to owe thy protection or thy property to tyrants, therefore let's have no law, no property, and no diſputes about it.

Wat T. Well, make but a good uſe of my tricks, and do miſchief, and they are much at your ſervice.

Tom. Thanks, my good brother! I give thee the kiſs of fraternity. O! citizen Tyler, if I could but raiſe ſuch a mob as thou didſt at Greenwich!

* An Italian buffoon lately brought an action againſt a diſtinguiſhed political character, for borborrowing, without leave, a few tricks of his from a harlequin farce, and uſing them as his own, in which the buffoon recovered 100l. damages of the Stateſman.

Wat T. Off, Frenchman! no kiſs of fraternity—no *French* manners—no *French* mobs for me; thou haſt but little chance of ſucceſs if thou canſt not miſlead the people of England without French help. But where are thy friends, where are thy aſſiſtants? as for thee, I believe thee, without compliment, equal to any devil ſedition ever producced. But where is thy *Straw?* where is thy Dr. *Ball* to back thee? every age does not produce ſuch heroes.

Tom. Compariſons are odious—but yet I think I could produce ſuch imps of miſchief, if you put me to it, as no age or country ever produced.

Wat T. Succeſs attend you—but let's ſee how thou wilt manage this Engliſh Farmer, who is coming to join us—of all the animals in the creation one is moſt tempted to try to deceive a ſimple Engliſh farmer, and yet one

never finds any great ſucceſs in the attempt.

Tom. You ſhall ſee. Pray friend, (I always begin ſo—*principle and practice united*—*aſide*) what did your hat coſt you?

Engliſh Farmer. What's that to you? it's *paid for*, which is more than you can ſay of what you *buy*, though not perhaps of what you either *ſell or give*; but it coſt me twelve ſhillings, and what of that?

Tom. Twelve ſhillings! that's the King's fault, and the gentry's fault; if thou hadſt no King, you'd ſave half that expence; and if there was no gentry, and all property was equal, you'd ſave the reſt, and ſo have thy hat for nothing.

Engliſh Farmer. That's a lie; if there was no gentry, and property equal, there wou'd be no trades, and conſequently no hatters,

and I ſhould have no hat at all; and if there was no King, perhaps, I ſhould have no head to want one, under your government.

Tom. Let me explain; for all I have to ſay conſiſts in one idea, and if that won't ſatisfy you I muſt have done. The people pay the King great ſums every year; now, if there was no King, the conſequence is plain, all that money would be left in their own pockets.

Engliſh F. Not quite ſo plain either; in the firſt place, the money which is paid the King is not paid for his uſe, but for our's, for our defence and our ſervice; as for what goes directly to maintain our King's dignity, we have an intereſt in *that* alſo; and as near as I can calculate, (for I know ſomething of figures, though I was not bred *an exciſeman*) does not coſt us a farthing a-piece.

Tom. But if thou couldſt be protected without that expence.—

Engliſh F. Hold; that *if* makes the whole queſtion; for a cheap bargain is often a bad one, and nothing ſo dear at *any* price, as what is good for *nothing*.

Tom. Doſt thou like that thy neighbours ſhould have more than you?

Engliſh F. Juſt as well as I like myſelf to have more than ſome other neighbour. If I ſhould propoſe to take half *his* land, ſome one elſe will propoſe to take *half* mine, and they will go on ſplitting and ſplitting, till we come at laſt, like the French what d'ye call'ums, *two of us to divide one pair of breeches.* If my neighbour has more than me, and makes a good uſe of it, I ſometimes envy him his power of doing more good; if he makes but a bad one, I pity him; and that's all an Engliſh-

man

man feels about his neighbour being richer than himſelf.

Tom. I wiſh I could convince thee that a King is not neceſſary.

Engliſh F. That thou never wilt before thou art hanged, and after that I ſhall like our government ſtill better. I don't much like ridicule upon ſuch ſerious ſubjects; but faith thou putteſt me in mind of a poor ſimple neighbour of mine, who thought he could keep his flock of ſheep without a ſhepherd; they told him of a fine new invention they had got abroad; that though the *firſt coſt of it, to be ſure, was a little heavy*, yet it would coſt him little or nothing afterwards to keep it up, and it would ſave him all the expence of ſhepherd and dog, of care and defence; could not only keep his own flock, but now and then *take in a few of his neighbours*, (to be ſure, that wasn't quite ſo honeſt) and,

in ſhort, would ſoon make him the greateſt farmer in the country. Well, where was this fine machine to be got? Why, an Engliſhman had brought over ſome of them; but the true ſort were only to be had in France. So away to Paris he goes, (a pretty place to learn either governing or farming) leaving behind him the fineſt flock of ſheep that ever was ſeen under the ſun, and brings back one of theſe famous machines. Now mark what happened—he more than half ruined himſelf in making the experiment; of his fine flock half ſtrayed, and were killed by wild beaſts who got among them; the reſt got diſtempered; ſome of his neighbours came upon him for what he had ſtolen from them by means of his machine; others inſulted him; his family left him, and ſome in deſpair deſtroyed themſelves; in a fit of rage he ſet fire to his own houſe; and now he lies in the county jail, a madman and priſoner for life.—Therefore, Maſter Miſchievous,

chievous, no French farming or French government for me.

Tom. Theſe fellows are as ſtubborn as the ſoil they till.

Engliſh F. One word more—We love and reſpect our King, for his own ſake as well as on account of his ſituation; whoever is his enemy is our's; as for the French, we wiſh them joy of their new conſtitution, like good neighbours, if they like it themſelves, and only beg them to keep it to themſelves; and as for you, we give you as little credit for your intentions as for your doctrines.

[*Exit.*

Tom. Hang the fellow—but *I won't give it up yet*—no, not I, if nine out of ten ſay the ſame thing.—Pray, how did your buſineſs end?

Wat

Wat. T. Why faith that was the worſt of it. After the utmoſt ſucceſs, and when all was going on as it ſhould do, (to cut the matter ſhort) I got knocked down by the Lord Mayor.

Tom. You don't ſay ſo. I wiſh it had been by any other perſon, it looks ſo ominous, for, between friends, it is exactly the ſame fate that threatens me.* So I am off. Adieu.

* It is unneceſſary to refer the reader to the excellent conduct of the preſent Lord Mayor.

FINIS.

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